

HAVE KEPT GALIC QUALITY

People of Anatolia Believed to Be Survivors of Those Who Founded Ancient Galatia.

Below the surface of the general Turkish-Moslem unity of Anatolia of today singular strains appear, both religious and racial. In the central ranges of the Pontine range, for instance, lie the villages of a people called in Turkish, "Kilishashes"—"Redheads." They differ markedly in physical type from the other Anatolian peasants about them, being either light brunette or blond. The heads of the men are light brown and curly, unlike those of the Turks. They are in all probability the survivors of old Gallic tribes who heaved their way into central Anatolia in the Third century before Christ, founded the Galatian kingdom, and later accepted Christianity. They now profess to be Mohammedans. But they do things that no orthodox Turk will do, writes W. L. Westermann in Asia Magazine. Their women, for example, go unveiled; and they eat with the men. Once a year a priest appears among them and in secret they partake of the communion. These Kilishashes represent a case of incomplete conversion to Islam, as well as incomplete racial mixture. Throughout the Near East many such strange survivals are to be found, broken bits of ancient peoples, of primitive Christian beliefs, even of pre-Christian pagan religious rites—curious relics of the past.

VOICE RETAINS ITS QUALITY

Fixed Feature of Human Vocal Organs Which Is Regarded as Something of a Phenomenon.

The changes that come with age, observes the editor of the New York Medical Journal, are so manifold and striking that we are inclined to overlook the persistence through the years of the quality of the voice, and yet this one fixed feature is remarkable. Even those who have lost most semblance to their former selves have not lost to any extent the peculiar organs of their voice.

When one notes that the organs which, in their functioning and, hence, in their structure, have so endured, are relatively small and delicate and in very frequent use, the phenomenon is of greater interest. A vocal apparatus may be injured or worn by overuse, and the power of a voice does not last for life. But, though its flexibility, power and range may diminish, for ordinary purposes the quality of speech remains easily recognizable and apparently but slightly influenced, compared with the all-too-apparent decay and destruction which has gone forward with the passage of a decade or two.

This Fits Most of Us.

Henry Ward Beecher, so the story goes, was once asked by a young preacher how he could make his congregation keep wide awake and attentive during his sermons. Beecher replied that he always had a man watch for sleepers, with instructions, as soon as he saw anyone start nodding or dozing, to hasten to the pulpit and wake up the preacher. Aren't you and I usually less sensible? Would we not be inclined to have the watcher wake up, not ourselves, but the fellows caught sleeping? In other words, aren't we disposed always to blame others? When things go wrong in an organization the president usually feels it is necessary for him to shake up his associates. His associates, in turn, usually start kicking up ructions with those under them. And workers, when they are dissatisfied, usually lay the blame, not at their own door but at the door of the foreman or the department head or the big boss—somebody, anybody, except ourselves.

How about adding this Beecher squib to what we always carry around with us in our mind?—Forbes Magazine.

Some Detective.

A lot of bank notes had been stolen in London, and word reached a detective that an old woman who was a notorious "fence" had at least one of them. Proceeding to her house he made a thorough search of the rooms, but without success.

Turning to the woman and handing her back the candle she had lent him to work with, he said: "Well, this time I confess I am beaten. Tell me where it is, mother, and I'll get you off."

The promise was sufficient. "You've had it in your hand for the last half hour," she said, "and gave it me back this minute. It's wrapped around the candle."—Boston Transcript.

The Boat of Life.

The little boat of our life labors in the trough of the sea, and we cannot see out at all. We are lifted to a wave-crest and look out, momentarily, over the troubled waters, happy if we can see, in the distance, the islands, with their fringed palms and mountains, whose summits lift to the blue dome of the sky. Again the trough of the sea engulfs us, and we cannot see. All I can offer is the vision from a single wave-crest: what the next may show, no one can foresee.—From "For What Do We Live," by Edward Howard Griggs.

One American Language.

When a "Pennsylvania Dutchman" is on his vacation, he is having his "off." When anything is finished, with those same folk, it is "all." So when said P. D. tells you his "off" is "all," you know his vacation has ended.—Farm Life.

HORSE "CEMETERY" IN EGYPT

American Expedition Has Unearthed Graves of Steeds That Once Bore Proud Royalty.

Objects unearthed at El-Kur'uw, on the Upper Nile, by the Harvard university, Museum of Fine Arts expedition shed new light on the early history of Ethiopia, the tombs of all the kings from 750 B. C. to 250 B. C. having been recovered.

It is known that King Piankhy was a great connoisseur of horses. In his account of his besieging the Egyptian city of Eshmun he tells of his anger at finding the horses of King Narmat starved thin as a result of the siege. Hence it is reasonably conjectured that Piankhy started a cemetery of horse graves which was found at El-Kur'uw—the only burying ground of its kind that has been discovered in the Nile valley. Here, in four rows, are the graves of the steeds of several monarchs. They have been plundered, but not so thoroughly as to prevent finding some of the trappings; a plume carrier, a silver head band, four strings of very large bronze balls, beads, amulets and other objects.

These horses were manifestly sacrificed at the funeral of the king in order that their spirits might accompany his into the other world. The sacrifice of men and animals at funerals is now well established as an ancient Ethiopian custom by excavations in Kerma. But the sacrifice of horses was a thousand years before the beginning of the Ethiopian monarchy, and in all the royal tombs of Napata no other survival of the custom was detected.

WON FAME AS SEA FIGHTER

Scandinavian Hero Also the Center of Many Legends That Have Endured Him to Posterity.

One of the great Scandinavian heroes of modern times was Tordenskjold, who rose from the rank of naval cadet to admiral in eight years, and died at the age of thirty, and is accounted today as a naval strategist of the first order. It was Tordenskjold who, by his operations against Charles XII of Sweden, preserved the freedom of his native Norway and saved the integrity of Denmark.

All his experiences were exceedingly colorful and picturesque, so much so, indeed, that legend has been busy in providing him with an array of adventures which undoubtedly never happened. One of these is the story that, when a boy, he sat down on a grindstone to wear out the leather patches which had been put on the seat of his trousers as a punishment for tearing his clothes. Once he pursued a frigate much larger than his own until his ammunition gave out. He sent word to the enemy, inviting the commander to come aboard for a glass of wine and asking whether he would lend some powder to continue the fight. It was this sort of bravado which his age delighted in. He was killed in a duel in 1729.

Disillusionment.

Into the restaurant she came, with the air of a princess, a truly regal figure clad in brown from top to toe, and looking as if she had just visited a Parisian modiste and a beauty parlor—a perfectly groomed, handsome woman.

There was an air of refinement about her. She looked expensively turned out in the simple, deceptive way.

She seated herself at a table and there were little exclamations of admiration and envy from other diners near.

A waitress approached. Every one hushed to listen to the beautiful creature speak.

In a high-pitched voice she ordered: "Bring me an onion omelet."

It was brought and she ate it with her spoon!

Oldest Known Paint.

White lead is the very oldest light-colored paint of which anything is known. It was mentioned by the Greek general, Xenophon, who wrote some 400 years B. C. It was made by putting vinegar in a jar then some twigs to support the layers of lead above the vinegar. After the lead was placed on the twigs the jar was covered to keep out the dirt and buried in stable manure. The manure fermented, produced a gentle heat and also carbonic acid gas.

When the jar was opened after a considerable period the lead would be corroded under the influence of the heat and gas. Thus a large proportion of the lead would be changed into a fine white powder which would be purified and used as a pigment for paint.

"Charge of the Light Brigade."

The charge of the light cavalry at the battle of Balaklava in 1854 during the Crimean war, and celebrated in Tennyson's great poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," was one of the most noted military actions of modern times. It was the result of a serious blunder on the part of the British commander.

A large force of Russians, more or less disorganized by the British heavy cavalry, was attacked by the "Light Brigade," under Lord Cardigan. The Russians had reformed on their own ground, and of the 670 of the British force, only 198 returned to their own lines after the failure of the charge. It was in this same action that the British infantry was first termed a "thin red line."

Dane's Last Jest

By ELLA SAUNDERS

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"There's a patient in the third bed in the ward wants looking after," said the house surgeon to Nurse Ellice. "Acute alcoholism and exposure. Picked up by the ambulance an hour ago. He'll want looking after."

They looked at each other and smiled, for they were the best friends that it is possible for two people to be who know that they can never be anything more than friends.

It had been almost a case of love at first sight when they met at the hospital six months before. And when silence became impossible Nurse Ellice had spoken the words that had robbed Wesley of his hopes forever.

He had learned of her unhappy marriage five years before to a drunkard and rogue who had ill-treated her and finally left her, of her taking up nursing, her admission to the hospital, where she was generally loved by nurses and patients alike.

She had thrown her whole life into her work and was recognized as the most devoted and competent of the staff.

"I'll go and see him," Nurse Ellice answered.

Five minutes later she was staring into the face of the man on the bed with a terror that constricted her heart and left her numb, cold and speechless.

And, as if conscious of her presence, the man opened his eyes and looked back at her. At first he looked without recognition; then a malicious smile began to spread over his features.

"So it's you, Ellice, is it?" he mumbled. "Who'd have thought of meeting you here?"

"You must be quiet and not talk," said Nurse Ellice in her quiet tones.

He obeyed, grumbling. And the next day he was too ill to talk at all, but she was conscious that his eyes followed her every movement. And at the thought of the past, and the awful sense of being entrapped by it again she moved as if in a dream, not daring to think, lest the old terror should drive her mad.

He was not changed. When he grew better he delighted in tormenting her. "Well fix up a little home, Ellice," he would say. "You've become a stunning woman, and I'd do a good deal for you. I'm going to give up the drink. I've learned my lesson. I've got a little deal on that'll soon bring in the shekels. I'm not down and out. And, if I was, you'd see me through, wouldn't you, Ellice?"

"Yes, I'd see you through," she answered mechanically.

He watched her wolfishly when Wesley was at the bedside. He knew in a moment, and he taunted her when he was gone.

"So that's how the land lies, is it?" he jeered.

"Making up to the doc, eh? Well, there's nothing doing to that. Do you understand? You're my wife, and when I get out of here you're going to be mine, or I'll soon put the lid on that doc friend of yours."

Wesley faced Ellice in the passage. "Ellice, who is that man?" he asked in a fierce whisper.

"My husband," she answered.

He said nothing more. After all, what could be said? It was fate that had brought him there, the same fate that now suddenly produced a relapse, so that for days Dane hovered between life and death, only again to improve slowly, until he was sitting up once more and watching Wesley and Ellice with his bitter smile.

"I don't understand it," said Wesley, frankly puzzled. "By all the rules he ought to have been dead or well days ago. Ellice—the cry in his voice was almost of despair—'tell me, do you wish him to get well?'"

"Yes, I do," she answered bravely.

"Then—"

"I shall leave the hospital. I cannot see you again."

"But you will not—you will not—?"

"Oh, no, no, never!" she answered, with a strangled sob; and fled from him.

Dane was sitting up in bed every day now. He was to be discharged soon. He called Nurse Ellice to him.

"I guess you're pretty fond of that doctor chap, eh?" he asked, looking curiously at her.

"Well?" she asked listlessly.

"I've been a rotten sort of husband to you, I guess. Did you mean what you said about taking care of me?"

"I'll do everything in the world for you," she answered, "except—except—"

He grinned at her in his malicious way. "See you tomorrow, then," he jeered. "I'm kind of sleepy now. We'll talk things over, then."

"Nurse Ellice, you are wanted—your patient—"

Wesley and the senior surgeon were standing by the bed inside the screen. One glance at Dane's face told Ellice the truth. She pulled herself together with a mighty effort of will.

"When—was it?" she faltered.

"Half an hour ago. The man fooled us. We could never have saved him, but if we had known what he was suffering from—"

"—he must have endured unbearable torture. Poor fellow, he's better off so!"

Nurse Ellice looked helplessly into the senior surgeon's face. Then Wesley caught her as she dropped unconscious.

No Reciprocation.

Rob—They say that misery loves company.

Dub—What I often wonder is what does the company think of misery?

Boys Enthusiastic Over Band Now in a Formative Stage

Following report in yesterday's News of the formation of Palatka's Boys Band, Biddy Shearouse says he was deluged with inquiries regarding instrumentation, when the band will be completed, when it will play, what it costs to join, what type of boys are joining and many other inquiries, which according to impression evidence interest in, and approval of this new undertaking of Palatka's band director.

There is a charge of fifty cents for instruction books. Mr. Shearouse states, but instrumentation has not been completed, and he band registration will be closed very shortly. Shearouse claims, so far as beginners are concerned, "It is an impossibility," says Biddy, "to satisfactorily organize a junior organization unless they start together. Consequently," he added, "it is essential that I close the membership soon and after the band is playing for public occasions it may be possible to start a new class. Newcomers cannot appear with the present membership, however, until they are proficient."

Those who have instruments and will make up the first class, although Mr. Shearouse expects others, are the following:

Saxophones—Marvin Martin, Gerhardt Boaz, French Harvey, George

Lipscomb, John Selle.

Clarinets—George Newton, George Stelts, J. C. Petermann, Tom Stallings, Raiford Conway, Robert Calhoun.

Cornets—Richard Knight, Paul Selle, Bill Walker, Haywood Pert, James Alton Brown, Ernest Solana, Fletcher Solana.

Horns—Dallas Baker, Lawrence Larsen.

Bass—Philip Petermann.

Trombones—G. E. Conway, John Cameron, Raymond Johnson.

Baritone—Buster Causey, Willie Register.

Bass Drum—J. W. Stevens.

Snare Drum—Louis Kalbfeld Newton, Gilbert Coburn.

BONUS BILL IS HELD UP BY A DEMOCRAT

Washington, June 8.—Efforts to present the bonus bill to the senate today were blocked by Senator Williams, democrat, of Mississippi.

Chairman McCumber, of the finance committee, gave notice that he would make another effort later in the day to get the measure to the calendar.

\$150,000 SHORTAGE

Washington, June 8.—Shortage of at least \$150,000 has been uncovered in the accounts of the First National Bank of Union Bridge, Maryland, it was said today at the office of comptroller of the currency Crissinger, E. F. Omstead, cashier of the bank, is at liberty under \$15,000 bond.

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